T/SOR/42/1/1/1

GLEN ECHO

SIXPENCE.

1954 1954

W.P.

XMAS

E D I T O R I A L.

The moving finger writes; and, having writ
Moves on, nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

Omar Khayyam.

An Encounter With Gandhi.

I have given the editorial the above heading, hoping to catch the eye, for in my search for material for the "Glen Echo" one answer was always forthcoming - "I can't write". When, however, I sat down and talked to the various persons, I soon realised that there was a wealth of experience in Glen-o-Dee.

This experience, if put down in writing, would be beneficial to us all, for though none of us has had former experience in the literary field, that in itself should not prevent the "Glen Echo" magazine from appearing quarterly. Surely, it is not beyond us to turn out our own magazine four times a year.

We know that we can rely on our medical advisers for help and encouragement and doubtless they themselves will contribute to the magazine. The last appearance of "Glen Echo" was in Christmas 1953, when Doctor R.Y. Keers stated in his foreword:- "The existence of a magazine run by the patients, shows that a healthy mental outlook does exist within the walls of "Glen-o-Dee".

In this edition of the "Glen Echo" we must be content with a humble beginning. It is not our intention to be too clever. The main object in view, is to arouse interest. If we succeed in our aim, we may go on to better things, and in the future, have a wider field of matter to print. Let us hope so.

May we take this opportunity of extending to all at the "Glen" the Season's Greetings and every good wish in the years ahead.

It only remains for me to justify the heading of the editorial, and in my search for material, I met one who had an encounter with Gandhi, but he insists on remaining anonymous.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH GANDHI.

As a C.P.O. in the Royal Navy during the 1939-45 war, I visited many strange lands, and met strange people. Two incidents however still stand out in my mind and both occurred in India around 1943. The first was the Bombay Docks explosion when the ammunition ships blew up. I was at that time working in the machine shop inside the docks. About a month before the explosion I noticed an Indian who was timid and nervous. On enquiring into the reason for his nervousness he told me he had to pass the trade test for under the caste system in the Hindu religion, if he became an engineer, his children could become engineers also. If I may say so, I took compassion on him and steered him through the trade test. As a result we became firm friends. One day when he approached me saying "Listen Sahib, big trouble in the docks tomorrow, stay away", I took his advice thinking he was warning me against a riot next day. Looking back, I realize he saved my life, for the Bombay dock explosion was no mean affair. Many were killed. Had I been on duty as I should have been, I would not be writing this. Would I?

Perhaps my encounter with Gandhi later that year may seem tame in comparison to the Bombay dock explosion. For me however, it has its humorous side. It all happened when I was on leave at Yuhu Beach near Bombay. The Mahatma was also at Yuhu Beach. He was recuperating after one of his famous fasts and while the guest of a rich Indian who had put his house at Yuhu at the disposal of the Mahatma, he was assured peace and rest for his meditations.

Since I was on leave I took advantage of the lovely beach, blue skies and sea. Borrowing a pony, I was to be found cantering up and down the golden miles of sand, giving an occasional war whoop - Yippee! Hi!Ho! Silver! etc. I behaved like this for two days but on the third day as I was trotting down the beach, I noticed a horde of Gandhi-wallahs, with their home spun caps glistening in the sun, barring my way a few hundred yards ahead. Giving my usual war whoop and brandishing my whip, I charged down on them. They fled in all directions leaving the beach to me. I looked up and beheld Gandhi. He was seated on his prayer mat on the verandah of a fine house. I gazed at him as, raising his arm he beckoned to me. I dismounted and not knowing what to think went up the beach to him.

Gandhi must have been over 70 years old then and certainly looked his age. Addressing me in perfect English, and in a most serene and polite voice, he said "Would you mind not using the beach because I need an uninterrupted view of the sea to help me in my deliberations. Many are depending on me and I need solitude at the moment. I could have you removed officially but I prefer not to be unpleasant. I would take it kindly if you would oblige me in my request". His attitude and manner of speaking were irrestible. I bade him "Good-day" and left the beach to one who had higher principles than I. Little did I think then that the old man would die for his ideal "Non-violence".

THE WISDOM OF GANDHI

There is an indefinable mysterious power
That pervades everything
Man feels it though he does not see it;
This unseen power makes itself felt
Yet defies all proof, because it is so unlike
All that he perceives through his senses;
It transcends the senses, but it is possible to reason out
the existence of God;
Even in ordinary affairs, people do not know
Who rules, or why and how He rules;
Yet, we know that there is a power
That most certainly rules;
Why! even the poor illiterate native or savage
Believes that some God rules his land
Though, like civilized man, he doesn't know
Who, or what it is that rules;
If the knowledge of man is so limited, about his ruler
He need not be surprised if he does not realise
The presence of God, The King of Kings.

Nevertheless, the votary of truth always feels
As the poor illiterate native or savage felt
That there is orderliness in the universe;
There is an unalterable law governing everything
And every being that exists or lives;
It is not a blind law, for no blind law
Can govern the conduct of the living beings;
And thanks to the marvellous research of the scientist
It can now be proved, that even matter is life;
That law then which governs all life is God
Law and the law giver are one;
We may not deny the law or the law giver
Because we know so little about it or Him;
And just as our denial or ignorance
Of the existence of an earthly power, will avail nothing
Even so, our denial of God will not liberate us
From His operation, whereas humble and mute acceptance
Of divine authority makes life's journey easier
Even as the acceptance of earthly rule, makes life
under it easier.

THE WISDOM OF GANDHI (contd.)

We can but dimly perceive, that whilst everything
Around us is ever-changing, ever dying,
There is underlying all that change
A living power that is changeless
That holds all together, that creates, dissolves and re-creates;
That informing power or spirit is God
And since nothing else that we see
Merely through the senses, He alone is;
And is this power benevolent or malevolent?
Surely, it is purely benevolent;
For in the midst of death life persists
In the midst of untruth, truth persists
In the midst of darkness, light persists
Hence we gather that God is Life, Truth and Light;
He is Love, He is the supreme good;
But, he is no God who merely satisfies the intellect
If he ever does, God, to be God
Must rule the heart and transform it.
He must express Himself in every smallest act of his votary.

This can only be done through a definite realization
More real than the five senses can ever produce;
Sense perceptions can be, and often are
False and deceptive, however real they may appear to us;
But, where there is a realization
Outside the senses it is infallible;
It is proved (though not by extraneous evidence)
But, in the transformed conduct and character
Of those who have felt the real presence of God within;
Such testimony is to be found in the experiences
Of an unbroken line of prophets and sages
In all countries, and all climes
To reject this evidence, is to deny oneself
This realization is preceded by an immovable faith;
He who would, in his person, test the fact of God's presence
Can do so, by a living faith
And since faith cannot be proved by extraneous evidence
The safest course is to believe in the moral government of the world;
And therefore in the supremacy of the moral law of truth and love.

THE WISDOM OF GANDHI (contd.)

Exercise of this will be the safest
Where there is a clear determination
Summarily, to reject all that is contrary to truth and love;
Nevertheless, the votary of truth must confess
That he has no argument to conceive through reason
Since faith transcends reason
In seeking God, man should not attempt the impossible;
We cannot account for the existence of evil
By any rational method.
To want to do so, is to be co-equal with God
WE should be humble to recognise evil as such;
Yet God is long suffering and patient
Precisely because He permits evil in the world
We know that he has no evil in Himself;
Yet, if there is evil, God is the author of it
Though untouched by it;
Therefore Man shall never know God
If he does not wrestle with and against evil
Even at the cost of life itself.

The purer we strive to become
The nearer we feel ourselves to be to God;
How much more we should be near to Him
When our faith is not a mere apology
As it is to-day;
But has become as immovable as the Himalayas
And as white as the snow on their peaks.

(Adapted from Mahatma Gandhi's Spiritual Message to the World)

H.B.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

The British seized India's body and possessed her. It was the possession of violence. They did not know her, or try to know her.

They never looked into her eyes for their's were averted, and her's downcast through shame and humiliation.

After centuries of contact, they face each other, strangers still full of dislike for each other.

A.B. ADAM.

A £30,000 STORY

Wee Tommy was standing in the pub. one Saturday night talking to his mate Harry about the local football team. "How did that new £30,000 centre play"? asked Harry "I'll tell ye" said Tommy. "The game wasn't ten minutes old when he got the ball on the centre spot, beat the right half, then made a bee-line for goal. He beat man after man then twelve yards out, he let go with a shot that nearly burst the net". "Did they cheer him?". asked Harry who was getting excited. "Cheer him! Cheer him!! --- raged Tommy. They nearly murdered him. "What for" asked the puzzled Harry. "'Cause he scored against his own team" replied Tommy.

TOMMY FOY.

I WAS AT THE GAME.

Who was the greatest supporter Celtic ever had. That's quite a poser I know, but my Father claimed to have known him. He was Harry Murray of Wishaw. Around the middle twenties, during the lean years, Harry was known to walk from Wishaw to Parkhead and back carrying bread and refreshments with him. He never missed a game. No matter how far the journey, Harry would hitch-hike or march to see the Bhoys.

But the story I like best concerning Harry was one my Father told me over and over again. Apparently Celtic and Aberdeen met in the semi-final at Tynecastle. At that time Aberdeen played in a different strip from the one that they wear to-day. Harry walked from Wishaw to Edinburgh and back and next day he was to be found at his usual haunt telling all his cronies all about the game and how his heroes had played the previous day. In glowing terms he described how so-and-so had beat so-and-so etc. etc.....Suddenly into the group of rapt listeners stepped Vinci O'Sullivan, who after listening to Harry's account of the game, said - "If you can prove to me that you were at the game yesterday I'll give you ten bob and half a bottle". "All you have to do is answer one question".

Harry was speechless for a moment, then finding his voice, he replied. "Ah wis at the gem', so help me, if ah'm leeing ah hope tae drap deid". Then licking his lips in anticipation he said - "Come on, I'll answer ye ony question aboot the gem'". All eyes were rivetted on Vinci who with great deliberation asked - "What colours did Aberdeen play in?". Harry's mouth sagged open and with tears streaming from his face, said - "Begorra Vinci, ah couldnae tell ye".

TOMMY FOY.

MY FRIEND CYRIL

My friend Cyril is a quiet lad. At least that's what I thought until that night when I found him framed in the doorway of my home. His hat was pulled well down. An unlit cigarette dangled from between his lips. "Hello, Cyril", I said. "Something wrong?". "Wrong?" "Nothing's wrong, friend". "Nothing", he replied. Pushing his way past me into the house, he croaked, "Gotta drink, kid?". "Cyril, you know you can't hold that stuff", I said. "And why the atrocious English?". He became his usual sheepish self again.

"I've been to the pictures" he said. "So?" I replied. "And I saw Humphrey Bogart in the 'Big Sleep' ". "Well, what about that?", I replied. He stroked his nose. "Every time I go to the pictures I can't help thinking I'm the leading character" he said. "Two nights ago I took an hour rounding up the cattle in our backyard.....that was after seeing Randolph Scott. Before that I pulled all the house lights down.... Yes, 'Tarzan' ".

"Say, that is pretty serious", I said. "Oh, that's nothing" he groaned. "Two weeks ago, I almost strangled Mother after seeing 'The Wolf Man'. Then I went about all over the place swearing like fury and drinking bottle after bottle of lemonade....." "Not Ray Milland?", I ventured. "Yes..... 'The Lost Week-end' ".

"There's only one thing for it, Cyril", I said. "You'll have to stop going to the pictures". "I suppose you're right" he sighed. I didn't see Cyril again for three weeks. Then, one night I opened the door in response to three soft knocks. Crawling on his hands and knees on the door mat was.....my friend Cyril. "Good heavens!" I cried, "Not..... "Yes", he whimpered tearfully..... 'LASSIE COME HOME' ".

M.A.

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO"

May I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to the Editor, contributors and all others, who in some way, great or small, assisted in the revival of the "Glen Echo" magazine. It gives me no end of a thrill to know that we can have a magazine of our own, unlike the "Daiy Suppress" and the "Daily Shirker", if sufficient enthusiasts can be found. There are many purposes served through a magazine It can serve your purpose and mine, and in doing so (I hope) give great pleasure to its readers.

I am sure the Editor would be quite willing to give space to "Readers' Letters" or to a "Discussion Group". Perhaps we could even form an "Esperanto Group" of there were sufficient parties interested. You may ask - "What is there to discuss?". "Everything!" For instance, you may be a Labour man, Conservative, Liberal, Socialist or Communist, maintaining that only through your doctrine can mankind achieve Peace and Security.

It is only through reading, experience and discussion that one learns. If you are interested in learning, then this magazine can do naught else but flourish. MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO, if I may say so, since some of us have not a sound body, let us therefore have a sound mind.

J.D.

"AN ENGLISH GRAVEYARD"

I wandered through an English Graveyard,
Upon the soil of France,
Where many youths of different lands
Had died for their Fatherland.

Such was the peace, the grass so green,
The birds were singing; so serene;
T'was hard to imagine the hate of each other;
Of those who now lie, peaceful brothers.

Why led astray, when promises made,
By power-drunk maniacs of your day;
Stop! reflect and your soul would say,
'Tis just like my fore-fathers of yesterday.

The time is ripe, together rebel,
Against those people who should be in HELL;
Now! Not later, don't you know?
The sands of time are running low.

J. DANIEL

" MEN " .....Useless Creation!

Men! are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two women; but never more than one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same materials .... the only difference being, that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they can be divided into three classes:- A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinacy, entirely surrounded by suspicion!

Husbands are of three types:- Prizes, surprises and consolation prizes! Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilisation. It requires Sculpture, Common Sense, Faith, Hope and Charity. Mostly Charity!

It is a phsychological marvel that a small tender violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubbly-chinned, tobacco and beer-smelling thing called "A MAN". If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't, he gets tired of you - in the beginning. If you agree with everything he says, you cease to interest him; if you argue you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are all kinds of a fool and if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, rouge, other make-up and silly hats he hesitates to take you out; if, however you wear a little brown beret and tweed suit, he takes you out..... then stares at all the gaily dressed women. If you join in the gaieties and approve of his chain-smoking and drinking, he swears you are driving him to bankruptcy and the devil. If you do not approve of his imbibing, and urge him to give up his fun, he vows you are snow and ice..... .

If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts if you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate, but if you are an intellectual, well-read and altogether brilliant, he despises your knowledge and longs for a playmate..... .

Man is just a worm in the dust that comes along, wriggles for a bit before finally some Bird gets him.

ANONYMOUS.

THE TALE OF A KIWI

Twelve thousand miles from Glen-o-Dee, lies the great continent of Australia, into which, if you feel inclined (and have the strength) you can drop the whole of Europe and still have room to spare.

A short distance off the west coast of this land (in fact, only a distance equivalent to that between LONDON and MOSCOW..... to give a local illustration) are two small islands, together no larger than the whole of GREAT BRITAIN, and they are called.....? Now this is the jack-pot question! You stand to win £40 if you can guess the correct answer. Well, even if you do guess the correct answer, I have not got the £40 to give you, so I shall tell you the answer.....NEW ZEALAND.

Before Columbus had discovered AMERICA, a small group of Polynesians had sailed from TAHITI in twelve canoes and discovered an unknown country which they called "AOTEAROA" (the land of the long white cloud). So it appeared, when its snow capped mountain ranges were viewed from the sea. The members of the twelve canoes founded twelve Maori tribes. They successfully annihilated the Moriotis, a race already living in AOTEAROA? and then, feeling pleased with their effort, they began to slaughter one another. Cannabilism became the "done thing". However, in spite of this rather blood-curdling habit, the tribes organised themselves into a cultured civilisation.

In 1642 Abel Tasman, a Dutch navigator, became the first white man to discover AOTEAROA. He charted only part of the coast line and, with a vague intention of returning to "take a second look" he sailed away, giving the land a new name inspired by ZEALAND in his native HOLLAND - NEW ZEALAND.

A century later, in 1769, Captain James Cook paid the first of his numerous visits to NEW ZEALAND and realised the value of the country to BRITAIN as a future colony. However, it was not until 1840 that the Treaty of Waitangi was signed by the Maori chiefs, who acknowledged British rule in return for legal protection and security in trading their land.

One Maori chief, Hone Heke, refused to sign the Treaty and whenever he felt the inclination for a little sport he would saunter over to Waitangi and cut down the flag pole (much to the embarrassment of Queen Victoria's Viceroy) but poor Hone eventually found that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

White settlers began to arrive in NEW ZEALAND in ever increasing numbers after 1840.

To-day, a century later, NEW ZEALAND is a self governing Dominion. Maori and pakeha (white man) live together in a harmony that is unique. It is a land of peace and plenty, a land of opportunities - but do not let us become poetic about the place.

We now even possess a national crest, and the motto inscribed thereon is ONWARD, or (to put it crudely) "get going" which is exactly what I am about to do - so, in the word of the Maori "KIA-ORA".

MISS ROBINS.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am greatly indebted to all teachers of New Zealand history who so unceasingly but alas unsuccessfully endeavoured to teach me that 1066 was not when the treaty of Waitangi was signed.

ALMOST GONE.

Weakly, he raised his head. "Oh! this awful heat he thought. "If only I could have a drink of water". He felt for his hot water-bottle but it was not there. This ordeal was unbearable. He couldn't stand it much longer. His thoughts wandered. In his fevered mind, he could hear the sound of running water. Forcing open his eyes he saw it..... There almost overhead was his greatest enemy. The great, glowing orb whose light seared his eyeballs, set his head throbbing with intolerable pain. With a groan he forced his tired and aching body over until he was lying face downwards.

Lying there, he tried to remember how he came to be in this dreadful plight, but it was no use. All he could remember was, that all this was strangely familiar. Those recurrent dreams from which he had awakened, sweating and trembling had all been like this. Were they omens warning him of this? He stirred and felt the little moisture which remained in his body trickle down his face, tasting salt as it reached his lips and causing his eyes to smart as droplets of sweat ran into them. Was this, then, to be the end?

Wiping his arm across his eyes, he stared out into the glare. "What are those little black spots far away over there"? he asked himself. "Vultures?" "No! Of course not, he told himself. I am becoming delirious. Fever is mounting and I am imagining things". "Oh! my head!"

Gradually everything began to grow dark and dim. "This is the end" he thought..... . Slowly opening his eyes, he looked around him. He was in bed in a familiar room. Of course, he was in hospital. Looking up at the white-coated figure standing by the bed, he tried to speak. "Where?" "How?" he gasped.

With a smile the Doctor spoke. "Well, old chap? Quite a tuberculin reaction last night!"

R.H.

One of the best-known professors at the University of California is a sworn enemy of co-education. "It's impossible to teach a young man mathematics if there's a girl in the class" he said. "Oh, come now" the doubtful lady objected, "surely there must be one exception". "There might be" replied the professor, "but he wouldn't be worth teaching.

An old-time movie star took out a fire insurance policy and the same day his house burned down to the ground. The Insurance Company suspected fraud but couldn't prove anything. It was then decided to send the following letter:-

"Dear Sir,

You took out an insurance policy at 10 a.m. and your fire didn't break out until 3.30 p.m. Will you kindly explain the delay?".

FEAR

Johnny was engrossed. With straining eyes, his hands clutching tightly to the flimsy paper, he turned to the next story in his Horror Comic. This was a real spine-chiller, he thought, as he became rapt in the tale. Slowly, imperceptibly, a subtle change took place. He felt himself being drawn into the frames of the illustrations, into a new and horrifying world. Sick fear gripped him by the throat, as, swinging into the pitch-black entrance, he tried to escape those fiendish pursuers. Once they caught him he knew what tortures he would endure before death finally claimed him.

Ahead of him, he saw a crack of light. Almost exhausted and sobbing for breath, having summoned his last reserves of strength, he threw himself towards it. As he staggered towards the streak of light, it widened into a doorway. He lurched through it and hearing it slam shut behind him, he fell exhausted to the floor..... . Raising his head, he looked towards his rescuer.. She had just turned from barring the door. She was beautiful. From a table near the door, she lifted a glass containing an amber fluid and coming towards him, she held out the glass to him. As he was about to take it from her, he noticed her eyes....."Oh, no. Not that" he gasped, backing away from her until he was cowering against the wall. Still she advanced, willing him to take the glass. His terror mounted. He tried to shriek as she reached towards him with her free hand, her other hand still holding that fateful glass. "Come on, wake up and take your P.A.S." said the nurse.

R.H.

WOMAN

Elsewhere in this publication, you will find an article by a woman on "MAN". In it she puts us into three categories. To place "WOMAN" into different classes would take more time and space than is practicable or possible. However, let us take a look at her. What do we find?

Firstly, she is never satisfied with her own appearance. There are a great number of instruments of torture, whereby she alters her shape by squeezing, contracting and packing, yet she hasn't the brain to design all these things. Each and every one is the product of a man's mind. Even her clothes are designed by men, and they fight to get them; still, they turn on us and say we know nothing of Women's fashions.

Women are the people who started the rumour that men chase them. This was done, of course in self-defence by a cave-woman who had the first poodle-cut. The 'bloke' couldn't get hold of her hair so he chased her to his cave instead of dragging her. Ever since, it's been the same - a man chases a woman till she catches him. Anyway, if it were true, why are there so many articles in Women's magazines on the subject of "How to get your Man" and "How to dress for Him".

Women are the most illogical creatures on earth. For the past fifty years or so, they have been demanding equality in everything from politics to wages. Yet, let one poor man change his mind about marrying one and she screams holy murder for breach of promise damages!!

Another illustration - Women say that men don't dress well, or even know how to; nevertheless, they will quite cheerfully pinch our shirts, ties and what-have-you, to wear themselves.

Talking of marriage, the reason women like a big wedding is not because it happens only once in a lifetime, but like a big game hunter's "heads" it is an opportunity to show her girl friends her trophy. Ever notice how a bride's Mother always weeps at the ceremony? Well, dear boys, those are tears of happiness. At last she has another poor male to nag!

Why is it that some women seem to be here just to annoy? Take, for instance, the (usually) young woman, who, when in company, never says a thing, but just looks blank. Just let a man look at her, let alone talk to her when she suddenly bursts out in a fit of giggles; this may last all evening. Then we have the lady, who all night has been listening and telling stories with the boys, usually managing to top them all.

Her/

WOMAN (contd.)

Her escort takes her home, gives her a peck on the cheek and wakes up in a hospital bed suffering the after-effects of what she called - an unprovoked brutal attack!

On the whole, women have a pretty easy life. You can bet your life it was a woman who said "A woman's work is never done". Sometimes this is true. For example - a married man goes out to work earning a living for his wife and family. He toils about eight hours a day from pushing a pen to shoving a barrow. When he arrives home the little woman wants and demands that he help with the washing-up or else see to a washer or a broken shelf or a squeaky door or.....ad infinitum.

She couldn't do these things herself. Women aren't supposed to, even if they are equal.

In America, woman rules. They even tax bachelors in some States. This shows you just how far some women will go to save themselves, "from the shelf". In this country, if a man says he will remain single, the women say he couldn't get a wife if he tried. If, however, a man chases every girl he sees, he is named "wolf" or "no-good". Marry one and you are told how much she was appreciated by others. Don't marry one and you are held up as a bad example to some poor husband. Act like a gentleman and you bore them. Act otherwise - they might go to the police. If you're married and give her a surprise present she wants to know what you have done. Don't give her a thing and she complains she's neglected. No matter what you do, there is not a single thing a man can do right.

Women say "Men are like children when ill". However, if she has an operation she will talk about if for hours giving each little gory detail with a wealth of description that can, and indeed does make you sick to hear it. Of course, in the line of gossip she is a master, ripping the reputation of some poor sister to shreds one moment, while smilingly complimenting her and kissing her the next.

If she hasn't managed to persuade some "sucker" to support her in married bliss (?) she may have to work for a living. In this event she tries to get a man for a boss. She knows that a female of the species is much harder to get round. She wears eye-catching clothes then complains when the other male workers keep staring at her.

I could go on in this vein for pages but there is not enough space. To sum up - WOMEN I don't trust, don't like, don't agree with, but heck, I wish one would say YES!

IAN BRUCE.

"OUR WAY OF LIFE".

Can anyone give a definition to what is generally known as "Our Way of Life"? When one looks upon that part of the world which is claimed at once to be "Christian", "Free" and "Democratic" it is indeed difficult to understand how any of these definitions can be applied. The contemplation of the use of Hydrogen weapons and the research into the use of Bacteria in a future war, can hardly be described as Christian meditation. No matter what pains are taken to justify these factors, they can never be placed within the scope of Christian Ethics.

Now let us take a glance at "Freedom". Freedom, which is of course at all times finite, means when applied to a community Freedom of Speech, Thought and Association. Can we say honoestly that our democracies live up to this formula? The racial segregation and anti-trade union legislation, coupled with the outlawing of the Communist Party in the United States, and similar acts of legislation in other countries in this group, immediately give lie to any such assumption.

We are now left with the word "Western". Does this apply correctly? The answer to this can only be in the negative. This orbit, or community, or group of nations calling itself the "Western World" embraces within its scope, parts of Asia and Africa. How can the word "Western" be applied here?

By what characteristics then is one to define this, or any other community or society? Could it possibly be by the way it produces and distributes its necessities of life? When we examine the method of production in the countries described as "Western" etc. we find one method is common to them all, i.e. the production of goods by way of private investment for the purpose of securing a profit. Here at last, we have a common factor. This method is termed by economists as "Capitalism". Surely, then, it would be correct to term ourselves - the "Capitalist World". Is this not a more accurate definition?

Without the slightest doubt, the peoples of the countries in this orbit, believe that they come under at least two of the three former headings. Nevertheless, how does it come about that the countries to which they belong, fail to correspond to their aspirations? Where is the root of this obvious inconsistency?

R. McBRIDE.

ON CONTEMPORARY PAINTING

by

JOYCE A. LAING, D.A.

They were wandering round the gallary, stopping now and then in front of one of the paintings on view. An ordinary couple - who had come to see the "Exhibition of Contemporary Paintings" on show at their local gallery. The man paused for a few moments in front of one painting, tilting his head this way and that, his face clouding, his hands thrust deeper into his pockets. "What's twenty-two?", he whispered to his wife who was pondering over a catalogue. "The Night and Pink" she replied blankly. They looked at the painting again. The man shrugged his shoulders, the woman smiled tolerantly. It was the smile an adult has for some small child wishing a few moments attention. And having decided the rain had probably stopped, they left.....

In the gallery hung the paintings of a group of contemporary artists. Paintings of sunshine and shadow, gaiety and sorrow, the many moods, the many themes of life. Each canvas has been an adventure to these painters. Whether they use realism, impressionism or abstraction to convey their emotional or intellectual conception, they all have something individual to say.

For one artist the kitchen table has become a world of excitement. The subject is so utterly commonplace, it hardly seems to merit more attention. Yet as we look at this painting we find ourselves smiling with the painter, almost as if we had been let into his secret. Thrilled by the shapes and colours of these everyday objects, and happy in his medium of paint, he has translated a table-cloth, a bowl of onions and a knife, into a melody. Like a charming little poem, it gives us a new awareness of the ordinary.

A "Landscape of Pine-trees", is not merely a statement but the interpretation by a person who has felt rather than seen. Here the familiar is no longer familiar. No attempt has been made to copy nature. Accurate immitation may be clever. This painting is a hymn conveying the awe-inspiring majesty of nature.

It often happens in an art exhibition one is inclined to overlook the quieter canvasses, forgetting that the sensational picture is not always easy to live with. A simple painting of a mother and child perhaps appears, at first, as realistically pleasant/

ON CONTEMPORARY PAINTING (contd.)

pleasant. When we read deeper, we feel the sweet serenity of the mood. There is more to it than good likeness or authenticity. There is a wealth of philosophy in this symbolic approach. The Old Masters might have entitled it "Madonna and Child" for this painter too, is expressing something of that spiritual vision.

The gallery seemed too small to hold so many aspects of life in such an overwhelming world of colour and pattern. .....they left a gallery in which several pictures were hanging in an 'Exhibition of Contemporary Paintings'.

SHAGGY DOG STORY

A horse strolled into the M.C.C. one fine summer's day and asked if it could have a trial cricket game. Dennis Compton who was putting some Brylcreem on his hair said "Righto, old boy, we're having a game shortly, so you can make up a side."

So a game was arranged and the horse (whose name was Pilgrims' Progress because he suffered from Bunions) was, as seemed appropriate, put out to field.

In this position, the horse had three beautiful catches, then Dennis put him at wicket keeper. Here, the horse was brilliant, and soon, thanks to his magnificent keeping four more batsmen were out. "Like to have a shot at bowling old man?" asked Dennis. Nonchalantly, the horse accepted the ball and in quick succession, 3 wickets had fallen to his amazing bowling.

"Our innings now, old boy" said Dennis, who, during this fantastic display, had not turned a single hair, thanks to his R.A.F. training. "You and I will open the batting". The horse took up his stance in an easy graceful manner and, in the first over, knocked each ball for a six in effortless style. He then leaned calmly on his bat, while Dennis faced the bowling. Dennis hit the first ball down the field and called to Pilgrims' Progress to run, but the horse never moved.

"Run!" shouted Dennis again. "Run?" screeched the horse, "Run!!! , if I could run I'd be at Newmarket".

H.McP. W.3.

EDUCATION IN THE SNOW.

Many attempts have been made in recent years to introduce into the educational system of this country a stimulus other than the following of the three Rs which was so commonplace a decade or so ago. These attempts are not wholly confined to Educational Authorities governing child education, but have been attempted in the Army through the medium of the Royal Army Educational Corps.

An armchair educationalist in Scottish Command dreamt one day that an improvement of English, Mathematics and other military subjects could be carried out if the students roamed the country side, preferably on mountain tops. To this end it was considered best to instil the ideas into the teaching staff first, so that they could use realistic ideas in the curriculum to produce a better educated Army and keener military students who thought they had left their schooldays behind.

High in the grampian Mountains in the Forest of Rothiemurchus the Nuffield Trust had placed three log cabins for use by Army Ski-ing parties. This suited the purpose of the planners admirably and to the area there repaired the teaching staff of part of Scottish Command to be initiated into the realms of outdoor education.

In addition to the Staff Officer Education for the area and his many underlings the party was increased by the addition of two reputable climbing enthusiasts from the War Office, who gave admirable help and advice to the others of the party who were novices at this type of activity. The duration of the course was from a Thursday until the following Sunday afternoon and consequently all concerned made a rendezvous at Aviemore Station where transport was available to take the party and their personal gear to the western end of Loch Morlich, some seven miles distant.

Personal gear included such items as:- clothing suitable to be worn at an altitude of 4000 ft., blankets, a staff, eating utensils and toilet requisites. On arrival at Loch Morlich there were distributed amongst the party, irrespective of rank, stores that had been collected there. They included rations for the period, skis, ropes, climbing boots, rucksacks and a host of sundry items necessary for the comfort of the party during its sojourn in the mountains.

Distribution completed, the party set off walking to the huts which were about 3 miles distant and standing at about 2000 ft. In places the route followed a hard path but in the main the going was indeed very hard as the ground was very boggy.

Although the gradient was fairly even, almost everyone arrived at the huts in an exhausted condition. Soft living had let us all down and it was very marked to each one of us that the/

the student must be hardened to this type of work in the first instance before any attempt could be made to interest them in education.

Fortified by the inevitable cup of tea the situation became much clearer and all had the opportunity to survey the scene.

The huts had been placed in open square formation. The outer legs being sleeping accommodation with two double tiered bunks in each room giving sleeping space for 40. The centre cabin was used as a general living room and at one end a partition cut off the kitchen area. A calor gas stove was used for cooking purposes and all water was supplied from a small lochan constructed at the rear of the building.

Wood for cooking and heating purposes was provided from wind blown timber, the rule being that parties using the huts would leave behind them as much if not more fuel as previous parties left after their needs had been fulfilled.

As the majority of the party were novices at this type of living and because ski-ing and rock-climbing were to be attempted outside assistance was provided by the Council for Outdoor Recreation at Glenmore Lodge. The leader at the Lodge and three assistants arrived on the first evening to prepare the parties for the next day's activities.

The group was split into three sections. One to take part in rock-climbing, a second on ski-ing and a third to carry out a mountain tramp to the Pools of Dee via the summit of Ben Macdhui on the Friday and return on the Saturday by way of the hills on the north side of the Lairig Grhu. The activities of the third party will be followed as they appeared to have the most exciting time.

The instructor allotted to the group enlightened his protegées on the differing types of equipment that should be used in ventures of this type. Weather lore and signs were discussed and the party prepared their packs with personal needs and each carried a portion of the rations to cover the meals for the two days. Included in the kit taken was a small primus stove, billy can and a supply of firewood.

Tingling with excitement all were abed early not knowing what the morrow would bring forth.

EDUCATION IN THE SNOW (contd.)

After breakfast the following morning, the party, ten in number and the instructor, gathered together to set out on this adventure into learning. All were dressed in their warmest clothing and the sight of such a motley crew would have broken the heart of any Guard's Sergeant Major. The route lay over snow covered boggy ground and after much stumbling and falling into pot holes full of water the party commenced the climb of the "Lurcher's Crag" rising 1000 feet above the level of the huts.

In the main the party consisted of young healthy fellows, but inexperience of climbing soon told on a few who lagged behind, but two old stagers who had seen forty summers made a valiant attempt to keep their place about midway in the scramble up the Crag. Two very keen members were first on the plateau below the summit of the Crag and having had to wait some twenty minutes for the remainder to catch up on them, decided to view the countryside from the summit.

It was 2 p.m. when everyone had reached the plateau and it was decided to call a halt for lunch. During lunch the weather deteriorated rapidly and soon a blizzard was in progress and completely obliterated from view the two on the summit of the Crag. Frantic signals failed to bring them back and the instructor decided that the remainder of the party would follow and bring them back.

Plodding over soft snow weighted down with packs that appeared to get heavier at each step, and playing 'follow my leader' through the blinding blizzard, the poor unfortunate group struggled upwards towards the summit of Ben Macdhui. By 9 p.m. one of the party was so exhausted that it was with difficulty that he could walk, whilst another had developed a relapse of malaria, that the instructor decided to call a halt in the lee of the summit of the mountain. In the lee of a outcrop of rock a fire was kindled and a hasty meal prepared whilst snow blocks were set up as a wind breaker to protect everyone.

Supper over everyone settled down on a couple of ground sheets and covered with all available blankets and other ground sheets were huddled together to keep warm from the icy blast that blew from the North. More than ever was it forced upon all, the need for attention to detail on such expeditions but the three Rs were still elusive.

All thoughts were concentrated on the two missing comrades whom it was thought were bound to be wandering around in the blizzard and would most probably be frozen by morning. It transpired later that they had reached the Bothy at the Pools of Dee and kept company with the rat colony there who were the tenants.

EDUCATION IN THE SNOW (contd.)

At 7 a.m. the following morning ground sheets were thrown back whilst all revelled in the beautiful scenes of the mountains that appeared from time to time as the fog lifted. This fog had followed the blizzard and made the return journey very hazardous. A return to base had to be made because of the lack of food, the sick comrade and to report the loss of two members of the party. Meantime two weary travellers were racing as fast as possible to base to report the loss of a main party.

The return was made by compass march through the fog and was successfully accomplished to the Lurcher's Crag when the sun broke through. Any deviation from the bearing would have spelt disaster as on the left there existed the 2000 ft. drop into the Lairig Grhu and on the right a valley which if followed would have meant a detour of about 15 to 20 miles to base.

On the way to base, fresh footprints were seen in the snow and thoughts turned to the missing persons but hunger forced the party to press on. The mystery of the footprints was cleared up later when it was discovered that on the previous day the rock-climbing party had also lost their way because of a faulty reading of a compass by a member of their party. This is often fatal in such tricky terrain.

The drop by the Crag was accomplished by each member sliding down the 1000 ft. on his pack and proved an exhilarating experience to all and speeded up the latter part of the journey. By 1 p.m. all were fed and tucked in bed, having ascertained that all were present and no one had suffered any mishap.

After dinner that night the whole battle was refought and it was agreed that a novel experience had been endured by all but that a great amount of detail had to be considered if such ventures were to be successful. Apart from description there was little to connect with the scholastic problems that the present day soldier would meet. This generality did not preclude any who may be unfortunate to have to fight in the Arctic wastes.

After breakfast on the Sunday the huts were prepared for new tenants and the party returned to their usual habitat, many convinced that the armchair educationalist who thought up the idea ought to have exploited it on his own first before subjecting the party to such rigours.

GONE SKI-ING.

THE MASTERSINGERS

The golden age of singing is past and gone
No more Placon's to give a grand chanson;
Gone are the exponents of Bel Canto
With their art of beautiful song.

All modern crooners I'd jail in grim Barlinnie
Until they learned the fluent art of Battistini
With a booklet entitled, how to sing
By that Florence nightingale, Tettrazini.

To-day's singers are arts most deadly foe
Oh! for the feeling and sincerity of a Caruso
Or the lost artistic voice of Jan de Reske
Whose rival was the golden voiced, Tamango.

Will there be another Mephistopheles like Chaliapine?
As in the golden age of Patti, Melba and Destinn;
In whose company the Count McCormack sang
With equal ease, Il Miotesoro, or Father O'Flynn.

Where are the mastersingers of yesteryear?
WhenSchipa sang divinely - a furtive tear;
Yet still longliving Gigli sings - like a dream
But he is the last of the golden age, I fear.

Now Richard Crooks the tenor was not a robber
Though the Albert Hall fiasco, made one of Tauber;
But they were but the rear-guard of the golden age
Whose eclipse brought in the microphonic sobber.

Our modern crooners make me tired and ill,
When I compare their voices with Georges Thill;
If they had to compete with giants, like Tita Ruffo
They wouldn't even get their names upon the bill.

All insincere singers deserve to get the jibbet
I'd give the job of hangman to Laurence Tibbett;
While Ponselle and Martinelli sing the "Misere"
After the anvil chorus, they can all dance to a jigget.

Which brings to mind Verdi's opera 'Othello'
With many an inspired performance by Zenatello;
Perhaps with baritone Scott as Iago to taunt him
Indeed Othello was a most unfortunate fellow.

Yet 'tis good to know, to-day we have a few
singers left who can sing like old Annsue;
There is Stefano, Patzak, Bjorling and Tagliavini
Bass-bariton Christoff is not unlike Granforte or Marcoux.

THE MASTERSINGERS (contd.)

I like Cluck's opera on the fabled Orpheus
Whose idealistic love is a million years from us
Contralto Homer sweetly sung his aria
"What is life to me if thou art dead, and turned to dust!"

I sense that the hand of fate has woven
Its message in the fifth symphony of Beethoven
Which crashes out, like God knocking on the door
To express Himself, Beethoven the mastersinger was chosen.

I admire such voices as Bonci and Pinci-Corsie
I have little time for jungle beaters like Tommy Dorsey,
So-called progressive jazz does not enlarge the mind
As can Mozart, or the ever popular Tchaikovsky.

I often wonder who was opera's greatest star
With such artistes as Galli Curci and Farrar
And Scotia's immortal Mary Garden and Joseph Hislop
What a duet they would have made of Lochnagar.

Miguel Fleta and Supervia, are classed among the great
As are De Luca, De Lucia and Maggie Teyte
T'would take a volume to mention all the singers of the past
Be content to know, they were all first rate.

With Flagstad and Melchior in Wagnarian opera groomed
At the finale of "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" I swooned
As it gave out its sombre warning to the world
The nation that despises her poets and singers is doomed.

H.B.

LIFE'S PATHS

Life is just a maze of paths
On which we're free to wander
And many choose the roughest paths
They don't take time to ponder.

The path that lends the way to wealth
Is always in demand
But failures often block the way
In an ever-growing band.

Some seek the path of fame and power
Their wish is to dictate
But often somewhere on the road
They meet another fate.

Others just stroll quietly
On all of life's highways
Contentment is their motto
And that's the one that pays.

When one is sick and far away
One's thoughts forever roam,
First on the path that leads to health
And the one that leads to home.

JAYEFF.

ODE TO A TEDDY BOY.

Man ye are a real braw sicht
Wi' ye're haircut an' ye're suit,
Ye only want a handbag
But that will come nae doot.

An' man ah like ye're drainpipes
An' ticht troosers at the knees,
Ye must have lots of patience
As ye rub ye're legs wi' grease.

An' as ye staun on yon thick soles,
Richt smug inside ye're jaikit
Ye certainly are a picture
Tho' some folk think ye're glaikit.

But dinna let it worry ye,
As ye creep alang the street,
Just be careful at the speed ye gang
In case ye burst ye're seat.

Ah'm sure ye'll hiv a laugh yersel'
When ye're brains some day return
An' ye're sittin' by the fire
As ye watch these braw claes burn.

JAYEFF.

THE DAILY ROUND

1. At half past six our day will begin,
When Don awakens you with a grin;
Your pulse and temperature he has to take,
If he can manage to keep you awake.

2. By half past seven you should be shaved,
Your face you've washed, your hair you've waved;
To do these things you must be bold,
For the ruddy water is always cold.

3. For eight-fifteen our breakfast is set,
And Slingers is all we seem to get;
Our complaints we must not really voice;
For all we're told is, there's no other choice.

4. At nine o'clock we see Sister Stone,
Who gives us a chance of having a moan;
With our aches and pains she will usually agree,
And says, "They'll all be gone by sixty three".

5. "How are you to-day", the Matron will say,
When passing through from day to day;
She knows the sermon off by heart,
And knows exactly when to start.

6. On odd occasions during the week,
Doctor Bell will take a peek;
He usually slaps you on the back,
And might even tell you a corny crack.

7. "To Tor-na-Dee" he says you must go,
But when, he does not really know;
But cheer up laddie it wont be long,
Before you'll hear the surgeon's song.

8. At twelve o'clock we have our rest,
The Doctors says its for the best;
I think you will all agree with me,
I'd rather have mine after tea.

9. Our Daily Mirror next appears,
Of getting this we have no fears;
For if by chance we should miss 'Jane',
The buggy driver will get the blame.

10. The evening we all enjoy the most,
Is the visit from the Legion Post;
The pictures we see are not brand new,
But from one and all, our thanks to you.

11. Our day is ended so now to bed,
Come on! Come on you sleepy head;
A word of thanks before we go,
God bless you all the ones we know.

G.C.T.

THE PATH TO PEACE

by

Albert Schweitzer

A foreword by the Editor.

The name Albert Schweitzer may not be recognised by everyone, but, for our purposes, it is sufficient to say, that in recognition of his services to humanity, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1953. Dr. Schweitzer, in acknowledgment of receiving this great honour, recently gave a long-awaited address at Oslo, and extracts of his address were in turn published by the "Sunday Times" in addition to other leading British newspapers. I applied for permission to the "Sunday Times" to reproduce these extracts for publication in the "Glen Echo" magazine. In doing so, I felt that Dr. Schweitzer's address would be of great interest to all at "The Glen", indeed to anyone, anywhere, since it concerns the future of our world.

THE PATH OF PEACE

What exactly is the problem of peace in the modern world? Its conditions are quite new - as different from those of former times as is the war which we seek to avert. Modern weapons of death and destruction are incomparably more effective than those of the past. War is, in fact, a greater evil than ever before.

The generation which grew up before 1914, it is worth remembering, did not regard the enormous increase in the destructive power of contemporary armament as disadvantageous to humanity. It was argued that any future wars would be all the shorter and more decisive. It was also thought that the harm done by any future conflict would be minimised by the new element of humanity which had been introduced into the rules of war. The Geneva Convention of 1864 did, of course, have substantial results; and hundreds of thousands of men, civilians and combatants alike, have since profited by it. But these advantages are trifling when set beside the immeasurable harm which has been inflicted by modern methods of warfare. There cannot now be any question of "humanising" war.

Now that we know how dreadful an evil is war, we must neglect nothing that may prevent its recurrence. There is moreover an ethical reason for doing so. During the last two years we were guilty of crimes against humanity which now make us/

us shudder. In any future war we shall do yet more terrible things. This must not come to pass!

Let us face the facts. Man has become a superman. Not only has he innate physical forces at his command, but, thanks to science and to technical advancement, he controls the latent forces of nature. But this superman suffers from a fatal imperfection. He has not raised himself to that superhuman level of reason which should correspond to the possession of superhuman strength. Yet, without this, he can never put his gigantic strength to ends which are useful and rational, rather than destructive and murderous, and accordingly, the advance of science will prove a disaster rather than an advantage.

The essential fact which must now strike home to us (and it should have struck home long ago) is that inhumanity and the superman are indissolubly linked; the one marches in step with the other. We tolerate mass-killing in wartime - about twenty million people died in the last war - just as we tolerate the destruction by atomic bombing of whole towns and their populations.

We tolerate the use of the flame-thrower against living human beings. We learn of these things on the wireless, or in the newspapers and we judge them according to whether they mean a success for our side, or for the enemy.

When we admit to ourselves that they are a crime against humanity, we soften the admission by remarking that "War is war" and that nothing can be done about it. In so resigning ourselves, without resistance, we become guilty of a crime against humanity. The important thing is, that we should one and all acknowledge this guilt. The horror of this acknowledgment should rouse us from our torpor, and make us hope and work for an age in which war will no longer exist.

Such bodies as the United Nations Organisations or the League of Nations, can render substantial service, but they have proved unable to effect a state of general peace. This failure was inevitable, because the world in which they had to operate was not bent upon the achievement of peace; and they themselves, being merely juridical institutions, were powerless to create a better state of mind. Only an ethical approach can do this.

Our time is short. Any future war will be a war of total destruction. We must act decisively if we are to secure peace. We must get decisive results and get them soon. Only the spirit can do these things.

But is the spirit of man capable of those things which in our distress, we ask of it? We must not underestimate its strength, which has manifested itself throughout the history of mankind. To it we owe the humanitarianism from which springs all/

all progress towards a higher way of life. Humanitarianism makes us faithful to ourselves and capable of creative effort; when the contrary state of mind takes hold of us, we are unfaithful to ourselves, and become a prey to errors of all kinds.

The full strength of the human spirit was revealed to us in the 17th and 18th centuries. It was through its agency that Europe was dragged forth from the Middle Ages, and superstition, witchcraft-trials and the torture-chamber were abolished. The spirit of man created new marvels in their place.

If its strength later slackened, it was above all because we did not establish any firm ethical for our increased knowledge of the world. Man no longer knew in which direction to progress. His ideals grew less lofty. But to-day we must once again abandon ourselves to that pristine force of the human spirit. If we are not to perish, it must bring about a new miracle - one comparable to that which dragged us clear of the Middle Ages, but even greater in scope.

The human spirit is not dead, but it lives on in solitude. It has realised that it has now nothing but the essential nature of man on which to base itself. It is now independent of all knowledge and the stronger for that independence. It is convinced too, that compassion, the source of all ethics, must embrace all living creatures and not limit itself to mankind. Ancient ethics had not this depth, this strength of conviction; but besides it there now stands a new ethic - that of respect for life, whose validity is more and more widely acknowledged.

In 1950 there appeared a book called "Witnesses to Humanity". It was published by several professors of Gottingen University who had been caught up in the horrible mass expulsion of East Germans in 1945. In this book refugees describe, quite simply, how they were helped in their misfortunes by people who belonged to enemy nations and should therefore have been animated by hatred towards them. Rarely, have I been so deeply affected by a book. Those who have lost faith in humanity should read it; it may change their minds.

Nowadays our rulers are expected to see themselves as the executors of the people's will. But Kant's faith, expressed in his "Perpetual Peace", that peoples would be more peacefully disposed than princes, because it is they that have to endure the misfortunes of war, has not been vindicated. The "will of the people" is the will of a multitude; and, as such, is unstable. Passions have deflected it from the true path of reason; it has lacked the vital sense of responsibility.

THE PATH TO PEACE (contd.)

The worst kind of nationalism was dominant during the two wars and remains to-day the greatest obstacle to international understanding. Only if the humanitarian ideal is reborn in all mankind, can this nationalism be overthrown and the love of one's fatherland become something natural, healthy and idealised.

Nationalism of the evil variety is virulent also in many distant countries and above all in those which were formerly subject to the white nations and have recently achieved their independence. There are many such areas in which, for lack of any better ideal, a long history of peace is now in jeopardy. These peoples, too, will have to rise above their simple-minded nationalism. But how will this change come about? Only when the spirit of ethics grows powerful within us and guides us back to a civilisation based on the humanitarian ideal. Only then will it act, through our intermediacy, upon those distant peoples. All men - even the half-civilised, even the savages - are endowed with the faculty of compassion, and can develop the humanitarian spirit. There is inflammable matter within them; let there come a spark and it will burst into flame.

We have several instances in history of peoples who, having reached a certain degree of civilisation, felt convinced that the reign of peace would one day come to pass. In Palestine this belief was first propounded by the prophet Amos in the eighth century B.C. and it lived on in the Jewish and Christian religions in the form of the hoped-for Kingdom of God. It forms one element in the teaching of the great Chinese thinkers; Confucius and Laotse in the sixth century B.C., Mi-tse in the fifth century and Meng-tse in the fourth. It recurs in Tolstoy and in other European thinkers of our own epoch. It has been dismissed as "Utopian"; but our situation is now such that if we do not somehow achieve it, we shall perish altogether.

I am profoundly convinced that the solution is this; we must reject war for ethical reasons - because it makes us guilty of a crime against humanity.

Erasmus and many others have proclaimed this as the truth to which we should all rally. The only originality which I claim for myself is that not only do I acclaim and affirm it as true, but I am convinced intellectually convinced, that the spirit of man is capable in our time of attaining to a new moral outlook. I am therefore persuaded to affirm this truth anew, in the hope that my testimony may prevent its being set aside as a well-meaning form of words. People may say that it "does not apply to things as they are"; but more than one truth has long lain dormant and ineffective for no other reason than that people could not believe that it had any application to reality.

Only in so far as the peoples of the world foster within themselves/

themselves the ideal of peace will those institutions whose object is the preservation of that peace be able to function effectively. To-day, once again, peace has gone from the world; nations feel themselves menaced by other nations; and we must concede to each the right to defend his country with the terrible weapons which are at his disposal now.

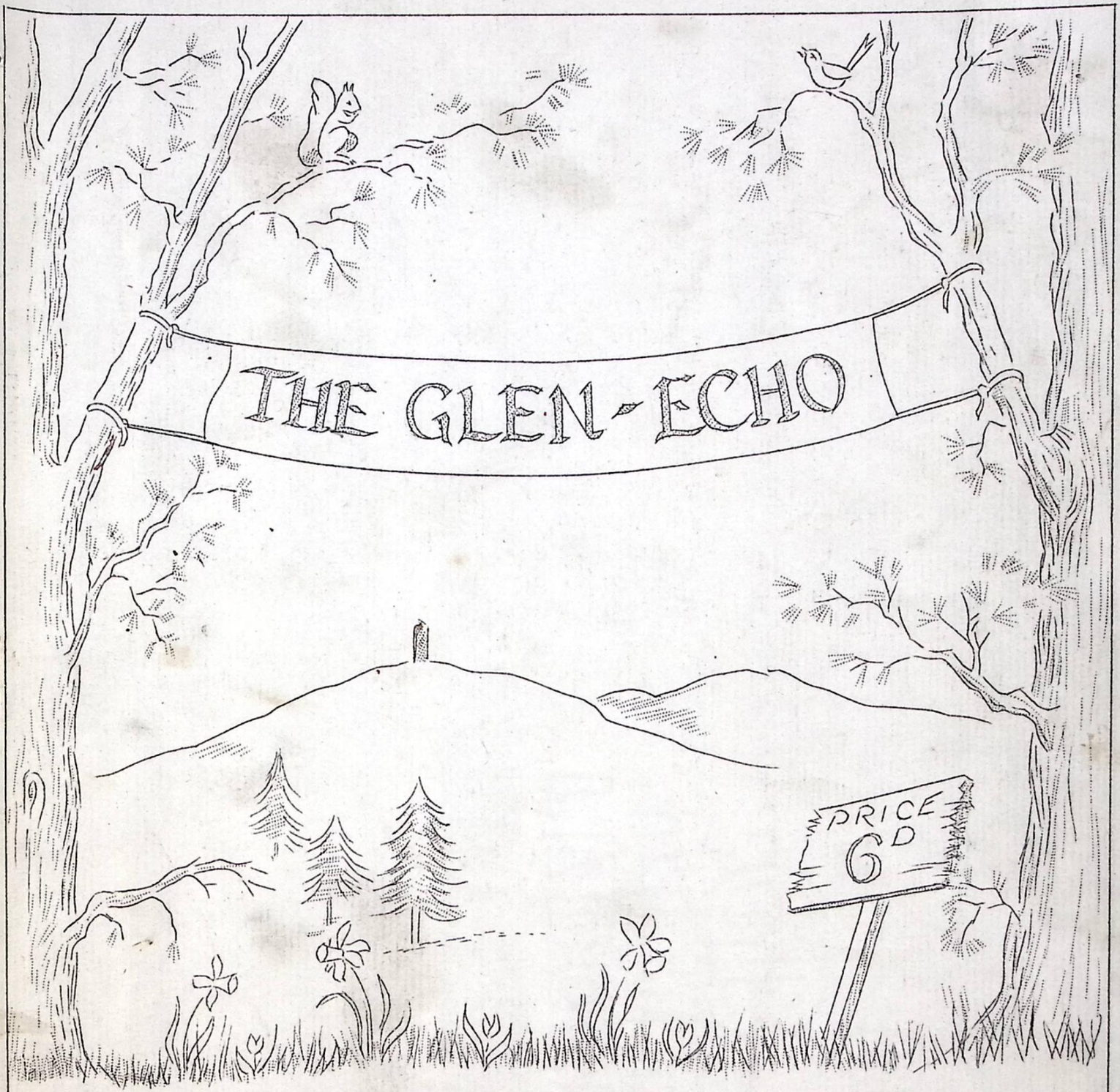
Such are the circumstances in which we await the first sign of that changed outlook on which all depends. This first sign can take only one form; an attempt on the part of all nations; to repair the wrongs inflicted by the last war. Hundreds of thousands of prisoners and deportees have still to go back to their homes; others, unjustly condemned by a foreign Power, are awaiting for their acquittal; and many another injustice still needs to be put right. In the name of all those who are striving for peace, I ask the peoples of all nations to take the first step on this new road. None need sacrifice in doing so, an iota of the power which he needs for his own defence.

If, in this way, we can put a true end to the war which has just finished, there may arise the beginnings of a new confidence between nations. Confidence is, in all things, the supreme capital. without which nothing of real use can be done. It creates in every sphere of life the conditions of fruitful development. We can then turn to an equitable settlement of the problems which two great wars have left behind them.

I believe that I have here given voice to the thoughts of millions of men and women, on our side of the world, who live in fear of a future war. May what I say be understood in its true sense, if it should happen to reach those on the far side of the curtain who are haunted by the same fear.

May those who have in their hands the fate of the nations take care to avoid whatsoever may worsen our situation and make it more dangerous. And may they take to heart the words of the Apostle Paul - "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peacefully with all men". His words are valid for nations as much as for individuals. May each nation in its efforts to keep peace alive, go to the farthest limits of possibility, so that the spirit of man may have time to develop - and time to act.

T/SOR/42/1/1



SPRING 1955

*** EDITORIAL ***

We of the Editorial Staff have wheedled, cajoled, and well-nigh bludgeoned all and sundry in our efforts to obtain sufficient material for this Issue of the Glen Echo.

Here is the result of our labours, and we hope our readers will find enjoyment in it.

There are many criticisms which could be made, notably the lack of cartoons, and we hope that this omission will be made good in future issues; but at least we can take pride in the fact that we have kept the Glen Echo alive.

May we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Mr. Harry Bryce, who edited the Christmas Number, for re-awakening interest in the Magazine, thus making our task easier.

To all who contributed, we wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation.

It is to be hoped that, despite the transfer of the Hospital from the Red Cross to the State, our Magazine will continue to be a permanent feature of the amenities of Glen-O-Dee.

The Editor.

UTOPIA.

(An Open Letter to Recent Arrivals).

Some people may think I am carrying gratitude a bit too far, to say the least, in giving Glen o' Dee such a grandiose title as Utopia. However, before anyone starts protesting, please let me state my reasons for my firm belief that as far as the treatment of TB is concerned, Glen o' Dee deserves this honour.

Those of you who have been any length of time in the various institutions which pass for sanatoria in Scotland will not be hard to convince.

Let us consider the surroundings in this beautiful part of Kincardineshire with the salmon-filled Dee running past our front door, and the ranks of pines filling the air with their keenly perceptive fragrance in the Summer. Here you do not look out on towering chimney stacks or unsightly coal bings but on carefully tended gardens, and on the horizon picturesque ranges of hills whose mantles are continually altered with the changing of the seasons.

New arrivals are put at their ease right away by the cheerful witticisms of the driver of the vehicle which meets you at the station to carry you and your luggage up to "your home" for the next few months. As you enter the building itself, our good-hearted Matron, Miss Rogers, is there to set the tempo of your stay by her warm handshake and well measured words of reassurance.

Not here do you find the many-bedded wards, but instead rooms containing five or less patients. All the rooms have welcome amenities such as hand wash-basins and central heating. The colour scheme is warm and modern. Not here the eternal green to make you ever mindful of being hospitalized.

Every five weeks we have an interview with the Doctor in his or her little office, where we are put at ease by the personal and human approach to our particular case. Such procedure is a thoughtful and wonderful way of doing the necessary 'check-ups'. You realise just how thoughtful if you are able to contrast it with other hospitals, such as one I was in where the Doctor's "round" was preceded by a nurse laying our case-sheets and X-Rays at the foot of our beds. This system left itself open to the abuse of tempting patients to have a look at the medical records, and, of course, as it is all written in such terms as to be so much 'Greek' to the layman, the people who had pried did not seem any the happier for this unethical intrusion. In fact some of them looked very pale and would hardly talk until a few days had passed. In all probability there was little wrong with those people, but just the sight of the large number of medical terms on their case-sheets led them to assume the worst.

However, the Doctors were soon on the scene and commencing their round at the foot of the first bed. There would be much nodding of heads and X-Rays held up to the light, all this with an undertone of conversation which, of course, we patients were straining to hear, but of which we only caught the odd word we could recognise from our limited

knowledge of hospital terms. As there were 38 beds in this ward, you may imagine how the 38th patient felt by the time the tortuous route of the doctors came round to him. If that particular patient had put on 1 lb. in weight that week he would in all probability have sweated it off by then.

Eventually, the Doctors had finished their business, and the case-sheets and X-Rays were re-collected. Were the patients left calm and composed? The next hour or so was spent by all of us trying to reconstruct what had been said about our respective cases, and we invariably came to the conclusion that 50% of our number had one foot in the grave, and the other 50%, both feet.

The new patient at the Glen cannot help but be amazed at the attitude of his bed-fellows to surgical operations. He finds that a broad smile on someone's face may mean that he has had word from the Chief that he is going down to Tor-na-Dee for his operation. The new patient too sees lads a few weeks after surgery chirping away and being cheeky to the nurses. All around, the new arrival can see people who have had and people who are awaiting operations. The result, of course, is that he too loses his fear of surgery and will soon be among those pestering the long-suffering Doctors as to just when he will be "going down the road".

Such a contrast to those days in other sanatoria where "surgery" was a threat to bed-patients who were running around too much to keep to their beds. Then "operations" were discussed in dark corners by fearful patients as the 'last resort'

Mother's cooking will always be the best, but I say in all sincerity that we patients have nothing to complain of in the diet provided by the Glen. If a meal is meant to be hot, it is hot - not here do you find the lukewarm food and black potatoes.

Our comfortable and well-fitted dining-room and lounge are a joy to use, and our visitors seeing them are more convinced we are in good hands than all the "sales" talk we can give them.

Nobody wants to have TB, but if you do have it Glen o' Dee is <u>the</u> place to be, where the attitude of the entire staff and fellow-patients gives you peace of mind, and the skill of the Doctors and Surgeons cures you once and for all.

HYMAN G. MORRIS.

***
*

SKETCHING FOR FUN.

I make no claims to artistic ability, but I do a little scribbling which bears a slight resemblance to the scene I am trying to portray.

The main reason for joining the Sketching Club was because rather more than half the members were girls. Can you think of a better reason? Especially when outings were organised to out-of-way places, as well as to known beauty spots. Just imagine the pleasure of spending a pleasant Saturday afternoon amid lovely surroundings, with an equally lovely companion ....

Naturally we did a little sketching. We had to, in order to remain members of the Club, and I suppose, in time, I might have attained some proficiency in art. My attempts at line-drawing, however, were always secondary to my researches in how far to go before my companion would draw the line. Consequently, I never became more than a dabbler in drawing and painting, but I did have fun. Hence the title for my article ....

Of course, I was very young at the time of which I write, although I would strenuously deny any suggestion that I am now in the sere and yellow. Being young, I thought that girls were wonderful in those days, but now and again, some scene would distract my attention, long enough to give me the urge to really attempt to draw. This usually resulted in my girl-friend leaving me in a fit of pique, but I did not worry. I merely changed my partner at the next outing. Variety of scenes, variety of companions ..... of such are the pleasantries of life comprised.

Having been bitten by the art bug, I would settle down with my sketch-book, and try to reproduce the scene on paper. It may have been some old castle, for instance, and as I sketched, I found myself wondering about those who built it, and lived there, and why it was destroyed, to become the picturesque ruin I now saw. Thus I developed an interest in history.

Similarly, I often found myself browsing in the local library, seeking information about districts I visited with the Sketching Club. In time, I learned a very great deal about the area within a fifty miles radius of my hometown. So, the Sketching Club became an "open sesame" to a wealth of historical fact, folk-lore, and legends, about my home district.

But, alas, I never became an artist.

Incidentally, I also learned a lot about the foibles of girls.

Yes indeed, sketching can be F U N.

R.H.

* * *

AFTERMATH

The sun shone brightly upon the crisp, white snow. The branches of the ever-green trees bobbed and swayed in the gentle breeze, scattering further snow upon the thick carpet which already lay upon the once green lawn. Far in the distance a train sounded forth, a desolate screech, like the wailing of a lonely banshee. A few white clouds drifted slowly across the light blue sky, belying the fact that the earth was in the grasp of January. A cold nip was in the air and the Man's hands were red as he lifted the box on to the table. He lifted the lid and sat down. It was very quiet and he paused before carrying on. Then ..... Tap, tap, tap, tap. Yes, the Secretary of the Recreation Club, after a weekend at home! Glen O' Dee was back to normal.

Tommings.

*

J. (Tonsils) O'ROURKE.

"A guy must be great if he gets the percentage."
(F. Laine).

It seems only fitting that some public tribute should be paid to James O'Rourke, affectionately knows as 'Tonsils', the news of whose sad end has just reached me. He was, most authorities would agree, the founder of the modern school of popular songsters, whose foremost exponents are, perhaps, those great artists Messrs. F-ankie L-ine and J-hnnie R-y. O'Rourke himself was an all-time great, though with typical modesty he disclaimed this: 'I'm just an ordinary guy with a voice like a sick cow, but I gets the percentage.'

O'Rourke was born, at an early age, in the village of Smithson (Miss). When he became famous, Smithson offered to change its name to O'Rourke (Mrs.), but Tonsils wasn't having any. When barely out of his pram the infant Tonsils gave promise of the great things to come. The crescendoes he reached in bawling for his mother were unrivalled by his contemporaries. At the age of three he successfully put himself to sleep by his rendering of "Rockabye Baby", but the other babies didn't seem to sleep toowell. Many sound critics, however, vow that he never appreciably improved on the tenderness and pathos shown in these effortless outpourings of youth. It would be interesting to make a comparison with his illustrious successors. One feels confident that they too would be found to have reached their peak early.

Tonsil's fame spread rapidly, and by the time he reached early manhood his name was a household word (like 'Dettol' or 'Rinso' in this country). But fame never turned his head. Tonsils' secret was to know his own limitations; for example, he just knew he'd never get beyond the letter 'l' in the alphabet, and consequently he was never discouraged by his lack of success in trying to learn it.

To turn to matters of technique, here O'Rourke was supreme. None

of his latter day mimics can achieve quite the exquisite vibrato of Tonsils' uvula as he posed for an action photograph. In the few motion pictures he made, audiences sat entranced by its rhythmic motion (in strict tempo) as he let go on a high note. His ability to produce real tears at short notice has never been surpassed, even by that promising disciple, J. R-y. Only on one occasion is this faculty known to have failed him. This was on a one-night stand at Toothache. (Ugh.) Here his manager came to the rescue. Dashing over to their hotel, he ransacked Tonsils' playbox, and found his beloved teddy, perhaps the one true love of that tortured life. He held teddy dangerously over the balcony, and sure enough, before the end of the act genuine tears were flowing from Tonsils' eyes. Still he contrived to finish his performance, despite the pain he must have felt. A true Pagliacci of the vocal world! (This, surely, must have been sensed by that distinguished critic who referred to him as "the greatest clown on the modern stage".)

O'Rourke it was too who brought about that great reform of the language of music which has revolutionised the art of the compere. No longer is it accurate to say that "singers sing songs". Instead, in the widely accepted formula laid down by Tonsils, 'vocalists render numbers'.

Shortage of space, alas, prevents one from doing justice to Tonsils' many other distinguished contributions to the world of music. His travelling 'circus', as it was known, of professional girl swooners, the nation-wide 'Tonsils Clubs' formed under his patronage, are only two of his ideas - startling innovations they seemed at the time, though commonplace today. Tonsils' very handicaps he turned to his advantage. His inability to write led him to use a rubber stamp with which to satisfy autograph hunters, and with this he reached the unprecedented figure of 800 autographs per hour. When his girl fans' demands became too urgent, Tonsils tried to introduce a mechanical kisser, but this notion - unaccountably - failed to catch on.

Little more need, one hopes, be said to indicate the abiding greatness of Tonsils. His voice lives in the memory of all who heard it. One feels it a privilege to have known one of the truly great ones of American song. Let us hope that his son, the young Tonsils, justifies the hopes that are widely held about his future.

I. MacINTYRE.

* * *

HELPFUL ADVICE

You have all heard, some more often than others, those immortal words of our X-Ray technician, "Breathe in, hold it. Breathe away". Do you ever wonder, as I often do, just what would happen if some day, no human being infallible, our Bill should omit those last two words.

* * *

They say McCarthy used to be a Doctor and that is why he loves to "screen everybody".

* * *

LET THERE BE PAINTING

"Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth or the sun" ..... Emerson.

A child wandering in a meadow will be enchanted by the discovery of a Daisy. He will pluck it gently in his small hands, fascinated by the silky white petals between his fingers, overjoyed that he should be lucky enough to find it. In the simplicity of his being, he is at one with nature. Too often this wide-eyed wonder of nature is lost in the everydayness of our existence. The daisy becomes a weed only to be outrooted from the allotted space of land we call a garden, or to be coldly analysed as a genus of tubulifloral composition by the botanist.

Our own poet, Burns, also stopped to muse, when his ploughshare crushed the daisy stem. The world is rich with such discoveries to the artist and the poet.

Let us then look at a painting. If in the first glance we cannot even grasp the connection between this canvas and its title, we say, 'But it isn't even like the thing", and indifferently pass on to something we like. Here the fields are the fields we see every day, the sky is blue, the clouds are white and we know what everything represents. In front of this we may be very impressed but hardly excited.

Come back and look at the one we passed, and this time let us "read" it as the painter "wrote" it. While keeping the freshness and authority of the child's simple statement, the artist has added his own experience, maturity and vision with his sensibility for the medium he has chosen. If he has chosen paint, it is because he feels through paint in what he has to say cannot be said in stone, or words, or music. And so he respects the paint and the canvas and does not try to disguise them.

We have never seen the subject quite like this before. If we had, the painter would not waste his time telling us what we already know. He has something new to tell us. Above all, he has not attempted to reproduce the subject he is painting. He could, for instance, produce a very clever imitation of a daisy, so life-like we think we could touch it, and what a worthless thing it would be for it could not grow or drink the rain or raise its petals to the sun.

The artist never tries to be more than human for in a little flower he sees the overwhelming mystery of life -

'I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand,
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God or man is' ..... Tennyson.

J. H. LAING.

* * *

Commonwealth Controversy.

A certain young Australian Doctor and a certain young New Zealand Physiotherapist have been recently pursuing a heated discussion on the relative merits of their respective homelands. However, the New Zealander finally admitted the Australian the winner, for as every well brought up child should know - "Your Elder's know better".

* * *

Crazy World

Is it not strange that if we come to the Glen 'Active', the Doctors strive to get us 'Inactive', so we can go out and be 'Active' again?

* * *

Pleasurable Poverty

It was a large forest and it was very dark. The wind was howling like a thing gone mad. The old man had found shelter beneath the branches of an old oak tree. His feet and legs were aching; he had been walking since early morning, and he had had nothing to eat since then.

The wind lashed the rain down upon the trees; the old man thanked God for making trees so that people without comfortable houses on evenings such as this might have shelter.

The old man sat on a small boulder at the foot of a tree. He patted his ruffled beard into place, bowed his head on to his knees, closed his tired eyes and prayed.

The powerful wind drove the rain down stronger than ever. The old man sagged forward and slept.

*

The house was old and beautiful. It was an evening in May and the sun was sinking slowly. The man who lived in the beautiful old house had cut all his turf and had sold a cow and a young bullock for fair prices.

The toil of the day was over and the family were getting prepared for the evening that lay ahead.

A small boy had taken the cows to the byre and the horse to the stable. A young girl had rounded up all the hens and had squeezed them through the narrow doorway of the little henhouse. An old man had filled a large cradle with turf and had carried it on his back into the house.

The boy had pulled the girl's hair and she had chased him, caught him, struggled with him, and they had both laughed and raced towards the house.

They all seated themselves at table; nothing disturbed the silence as they thanked God for the meal which they were about to receive.

The evenings were long. Many neighbours came and sat in the spacious living-room and talked about the old days; they spoke of sad days and joyful days. They told strange stories about the revolt of 1916; they spoke of street battles and executions; they spoke of Pearce, De Valera, Parnell, Casement and Connelly.

When they were speaking about the sadness of that fateful year, the old women wept and their tears rolled down their faces and fell on the scarves, stockings and gloves which they were knitting. But the old men just sat stiffly in their chairs and stared into the smouldering turf and thought that wars were useless things; they were thinking that patriotism belonged to the small-minded, the scoundrel and the fanatic; they were thinking that if they had their lives to live over again they would endure slavery before going to war.

And from the sad they turned to the joyful; they told entertaining stories about Wilde and Shaw; they recited poetry by Yeats, Pearce, A.E. Behan, Collum and McDonough; they spoke of Goldsmith, Doyle, Moore, Synge, O'Casey and Joyce.

The young boy put more turf on the fire and quietly went back to his stool; he continued to listen intently to the strange and wonderful tales.

His father glanced at his watch and the boy saw him; the boy knew that this was a sign meaning. Take your sister by the hand, leave the room and prepare for bed. The boy and girl slipped silently out of the room.

Once again the evening had come to an end. The company were departing and taking their separate roads. The small boy was watching from his bedroom window and he thought that these people were good people; for when they spoke to you they looked straight into your eyes. There were people, he thought, who spoke to you and were fidgety. They never looked into your eyes.

He wished to God with all his young heart that one day he might be like these good people who were now departing: poor, faithful and contented.

They had all gone out of sight now and the boy closed the window and joined his sister in bed.

*

The old man awoke and the sun was shining; the singing birds in the trees seemed to be telling him that a new day had begun and that much still remained for him to do in this life. Then he started to laugh. And the trees returned his laughter; and the birds were laughing and so was every blade of grass for miles around.

He got to his feet and walked down a hill towards the roadway. He was saying the rosary as he walked. His old blue beads were clutched tightly in his left hand. He had stopped laughing now. But the trees were still laughing. His back was bent, his legs shaky; he was thirsty and hungry; but he was poor, faithful and contented.

He left the forest and the trees were still laughing.

FARQUHAR McLAY.

* * *

DAWN ATTACK

The early morning rays were struggling to penetrate the gloom as the door quietly opened to admit the intruder to the bedroom.

Without emitting a sound, he made his way over to the bed, and, seizing the covers in both hands, he pulled them back one by one till his victim was bare before him, lying white and forlorn in the early morning light now starting to fill the room. Pausing for a moment to wipe the sweat from his brow, the intruder with deliberate motions took up a pillow in his clenched hands and quickly and fiercely swept it down. Hearing distant footsteps and realising there was no time to lose, he quickly covered up the prostrate form before him and finished with the deed. He heaved a sigh of relief. It was hard work making beds.

H. MORRIS.

* * *

BLACK SUNDAY AT THE GLEN
or
SISTER ROBERT THE BRUCE.

*

(It is suggested the following be read to a back-ground of Verdi's Requiem)

I think we all agree, up here at Glen O' Dee,
That many things do happen, in Wards One, Two and Three.
But now and then there will appear, to change our daily grind,
A happening of such import, to drive us out of mind.
Of such a case I'll tell you, with thoughts to make you think,
'Twas the day that Sister Bruce did pour, good whisky down the sink.

Alas! Alack! Where to begin ---- my thinking so meanders,
But wait! Why not? Just let us start ... with Ward Three's Nurse Gillanders.
For with this lass will ever be, the thought, her mind to stay,
That she did cause such mourning, upon that BLACK SUN-DAY.

An ill-meant fate did so dictate, a locker she should clean,
The aftermath of which did drive, all patients off their bean.
For on a shelf therein she found, a Bottle of the Best,
Containing amber liquid, fit to swell a Scotsman's chest.

But no such fate did there await, these drams so precious, few,
Oh! if she'd thought, just only thought, and given it to you.
Misguided girl, with mindawhirl, to Sister with her find,
"Should I give this to Porter Bill?". "No, nothing of the kind."

Our Sister Bruce, of Roberts breed, again said, "Not that man,
I'd rather take this whisky here, and pour it down the pan."
But stay! What's this! I do declare, she's thinking thoughts anew,
"Get hold of Nob, the Ewans too, I'll show them what I'll do."

The men were brought, and, all as one, they knelt upon the floor,
At sight of such fine liquor, a dram or two, or more.
And Nobby spoke, "A glass I'll get, our throats to feel it's joy".
But, tolled the knell. "Oh no, dear no, it's going down the drain - my boy".

The cortege on it's way did wend, into the service-room,
Where many tears of anguish fell, at this, relentless doom,
As Sister Bruce -- oh aye -- in truth -- did go unto the brink,
And pour the life of Scotia down that now, so hallowed, sink.

But poor old Charlie, and old Will, and young Nobby too,
Will never wash a dish again, their hearts, they are sae fu'.
For when they look into that sink, and think - of what flowed there,
These three, with one accord fall down, aweeping on the flair.

There is much more that I could tell, though most of us weel ken,
This sad, sad tale will ever live up here, in our wee Glen,
The dirge is told, and I make so bold, as with this I bid, "Good-bye!"
"Good luck to the New Health Service. And Sister .. "Here's mud in your eye."

By kind permission of Sister Bruce.

JOHN B.

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.

Most of us - happily only indirectly - are familiar with the name of the Old Bailey, which houses the Central Criminal Court in London. Until 1902 there used to stand, on the site of the Old Bailey, the gloomy Newgate Prison, where the really big shots of the criminal world were lodged. The Newgate Calendar, which gives most vivid accounts of the trials and executions of the leading malefactors of the 16th to 19th centuries, is prefaced with the following thought-provoking lines of verse -

"How dreadful the Fate of the Wretches who fall
A Victim of Laws they have broke!
Of Vice, the beginning is frequently small,
But how fatal at length is the Stroke!"

Yes, "How fatal at length is the Stroke".... Capital punishment in these days was not so exclusive as it is today; you had only to be caught stealing a handkerchief, and, after due trial, you were strung up amidst the howls and plaudits of the mob, to serve as a horrid example to others. Gradually we have become more selective, and nowadays murder and treason are the only crimes for which the irreversible punishment of death by hanging may be imposed. Nor is the murderer hanged in the presence of his fellows. He is 'turned off' in decent privacy, and in due course we read a short paragraph in the newspapers to the effect that his execution took place as arranged and that Mrs. Van der Elst was fined One guinea and costs for creating a breach of the peace outside the prison gates by distributing leaflets advocating the abolition of capital punishment.

So far so good, and we had got into the way of congratulating ourselves that we managed these things better in Britain that in America, where they keep those convicted of capital crimes hanging about for years instead of getting on with the job. But a year or two ago our complacency received a rude shock when the multiple murderer, Christie, was being tried. During the course of his trial the horrid doubt intruded itself as to whether he might not also have been responsible for yet another crime, for which a man named Evans had been hanged. Nobody could bring Evans back; nor could the case be met by a letter from the Home Secretary expressing regret for an unfortunate Departmental error and conveying his sympathy with the wife and family of the deceased, as it so happened that it was the said wife and family who had been done to death. With that true British genius for compromise, however, it was decided that an enquiry be held into the facts of the case which had led to Evans' conviction, and in the fullness of time the taxpayer was reassured that public money had not been misspent in reimbursing the hangman for his time and trouble, as Evans had been undoubtedly guilty. The public conscience heaved a sigh of relief, but there was no doubt that it had been disturbed, and the question of miscarriage of justice has become topical once more, as this very case has again been quoted and discussed during the recent Government debate on capital punishment.

I have been looking through reports of less well-known cases with a view to finding undoubted examples of miscarriage of justice or judicial

error which have resulted in the punishment of death being meted out to innocent persons. I have been unable to find any occurring after the eighteenth century - which at least proves that our methods are much less hit-or-miss nowadays, although, of course, it is always possible for accidents to happen even in the best-regulated societies.

To me the most incredible case of judicial error is one taken from the annals of Malta, when it was governed by the Knights, early in the eighteenth century, and it concerns one Judge Cambo. This judge was aroused one morning by the sounds of a fight in the street, just under his window. Looking out, he saw one man stab another, who fell to the ground dead. At this moment the murderer's cap came off, so that the judge saw his face quite clearly. Quickly picking up his cap and throwing away the sheath of his knife, the murderer looked up at the judge in the window and then ran off into another street and disappeared. The next moment a baker, carrying his loaves for the morning delivery, came into view. Before he reached the scene of the crime he saw the sheath of the knife, picked it up and looked at it and then stuck it in his pocket. Walking on, he suddenly came on the corpse. He was terrified at the sight, and after one quick look apparently decided that this was no place for him, for he took to his heels - unfortunately not quickly enough, as a police patrol came into the street just in time to see him making off. They came on the body of the murdered man, and, not unnaturally, came to the conclusion that the wretched baker was responsible for it, whereupon they gave chase and soon caught up with him. On searching him they found the sheath of the knife in his pocket, and when they found that it fitted the knife in the corpse they pronounced the Maltese equivalent of "Bob's your uncle" and haled him off to prison. All this went on under the eyes of the judge, but, believe it or not, he kept his thoughts to himself and made no move to tell the police what he had seen.

But worse is yet to come. When the police came to Judge Cambo later and reported both murder and arrest, still he said nothing. At that time he was presiding judge in the criminal court, and it was before him that the poor old baker was eventually tried. (Now, this will kill you). Cambo - surely the stupidest judge in history - reasoned that he was forbidden to act from his own private knowledge in the case being tried before him and that he must deal with it solely according to the evidence of the witnesses who had been called. So he solemnly sat on the Bench to hear the circumstantial evidence against a man whom he knew to be innocent. According to Maltese law, the evidence was insufficient, amounting to no more than "half-proof". So what did the judge do then? He tried his utmost to get the baker to confess to having committed the crime. That failed: the stubborn creature refused to play ball and insisted on protesting his innocence. But the judge was not to be balked. He drew his ace from his sleeve and gave orders that the accused was to be "put to the question". Well, naturally that took the trick, and the wretched man under torture confessed to having committed the murder. Judge Cambo, a great stickler for legal etiquette, could now relax. To his mind, the accused, although innocent in fact, had been proved guilty according to law. He cheerfully sentenced him to death

and the sentence was carried out without unseemly delay.

All would have been well, and Judge Cambo could have gone on sleeping peacefully in his bed at night, had the real murderer had the sense to keep his big mouth shut; but some time later, having been up to his tricks again and having been caught this time and condemned to death, he took it upon himself to confess that he had committed the murder for which our friend the baker had been strung up. The authorities were inclined to believe that he was just "showing off", but the murderer appealed to Judge Cambo himself to verify his statement, as he knew the judge had seen him. Then the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta took a hand in the game. He called upon Judge Cambo to defend himself from this grave imputation. But not Judge Cambo - oh no, he fully admitted all that had happened, and what's more, he maintained that he had only done his duty in sending an innocent man to his death rather than do violence to his conception of legal etiquette. It may have been some consolation to the baker's family when the Grand Master condemned Judge Cambo to degradation and the forfeiture of his office, and at the same time to pay them handsome compensation.

It is the custom in the Newgate Calendar to point the moral at the end of the report on each case. This case was not taken from the Newgate Calendar but from a privately printed collection, so there is no moral thrown in. Possibly, a suitable one would be, "Before you pick up the sheath, make sure where the knife is first, otherwise you may get a baker's dozen."

J. C. K.

* * *

My Wishes.

You're starting out for hospital,
And partings there must be,
You've got to say good-bye to home,
To friends and family.
The old life lies behind you,
And another has just begun,
May this venture prove to be
A most successful one.
I'm sending you this little verse,
My feelings to express,
Wishing you the best of health
And future happiness.
All the time you are away
I shall remember you,
And keep the happy thought
Of our reunion in view.
And when you come from the Glen,
I'll be waiting for you.

Anonymous.

* * *

ASK THE BARBER

by

DAN DRUFF.

The stock phrase "ask a policeman" could be quite truthfully extended by adding the words "or the barber". Indeed, to the extent that the policeman is limited by his official position to giving the most guarded answers, the "ask a policeman" could be dropped entirely and "ask the barber" substituted.

Very few other craftsmen have the same opportunities as the barber of acquiring some knowledge of an extremely wide variety of subjects in addition to the opportunity of airing their views on these subjects. It is not suggested that all barbers have the capacity for absorbing and storing up knowledge, nor is it suggested that all barbers could discuss intelligently subjects ranging from the possible winner of the 3.30 to Einstein's theory of relativity. But the fact remains that the barber does have the opportunity of acquiring knowledge if he is prepared to use it.

In the course of his work, the barber meets the street corner politicians of all parties - the doctor, the trades unionist, the lawyer, the football fan, the racing "expert", the teacher, the collector of cigarette cards, stamps, etc., to say nothing of the tradesmen from all sections of industry.

Very few customers sit in the barber's chair and say nothing. The enthusiast for one or other of the different sports will invariably confine his conversation to his favourite sport; the collector will welcome an inquiry about his hobby; and the politician will want to discuss whatever subject is featured in his daily newspaper. Doctors, lawyers and teachers are not generally talkative, but the atmosphere of the well regulated barber shop can be and generally is conducive to conversation. Moreover, it is an essential part of the duties of the barber to be able to converse intelligently with any customer.

As a matter of interest, a list was made recently of the subjects referred to in the course of an ordinary day's work in a barber's shop. The list makes interesting reading. Football, cricket, the weather, German re-armament, racing and systematic betting, railway trades unions, home lessons for schoolchildren, local and national politics, hairdressing styles for men, films, Churchill, salmon fishing and poaching, the cost of living index figures, nationalisation, cultivating chrysanthemums and carnations, amateur theatricals and juvenile deliquency.

In view of the foregoing sample, is it any wonder that the barber is well-informed about a wide variety of subjects. Someone has referred to the lost art of conversation. That may be true in some social circles, but it is not true of the well regulated barber shop where intelligent conversation is an important part of the service available for the customer who can enjoy it.

* * * *

THE WORLD'S MOST ILL-FATED SHIP

by John Archibald.

This month marks the twenty-third anniversary of the greatest peacetime disaster in maritime history. Even now, the sinking of the 'Titanic' is still shrouded in mystery, and there are many questions still unanswered regarding the mysterious circumstances in which this great passenger liner plunged to the depths of the turbulent Atlantic.

Chiefly, of course, the ship was lost because of its false reputation. The builders claimed that it was unsinkable. Below sea-level, it was divided into compartments which could be closed against any inrush of water. It had a double bottom, and it was equipped with every safeguard. Yet, if ever a ship was doomed from the outset, it was the 'Titanic'.

The largest and most luxurious liner ever to leave the builder's yard, it had sports decks, spacious promenades, large state-rooms, deluxe cabins with separate baths, swimming pools, sun-parlours and palm courts, electric elevators, opulent dining-rooms and Louix XVI restaurants.

Strangely, however, its complement of lifeboats was unequal to the number of passengers it carried. This was due to the fact, it seems, that an unsinkable ship really didn't need lifeboats. Although the 'Titanic' set out on its maiden voyage without a full complement of passengers, there were on board, including the crew, 2,224 people. The twenty lifeboats could hold only just over half this number - 1,178 to be exact. In the event, they saved only 652, for they were launched without the number of people they were designed to carry. This is one of the mysteries which has never been solved. Many men were saved, but 161 women and children lost their lives. In spite of this, several of the lifeboats entered the water half empty.

One of the survivors was J. Bruce Ismay, chairman and managing director of the White Star Line, which had commissioned and owned the 'Titanic'. Naturally, Bruce Ismay was severely criticized for being a survivor when so many women and children were drowned. He explained that there had been a certain number of women and children in the boat. An officer had called for any more women there might be on the deck to join the lifeboat, but no one, neither male nor female, had answered the call. Consequently, Ismay took an empty place in the boat.

Mystery surrounds the saving of the survivors as it does the loss of the ship. Nearly half the first and second-class passengers were saved, as against only one-sixth of the third-class passengers. This suggests that the wealthier classes were given priority, but investigation failed to establish this fact. The explanation offered for the disproportionate loss of life amongst the third-class passengers was that few of them could speak English. Presumably, therefore, they could

not follow the instructions given to save them.

Again, it seems, tragedy is traceable to the belief that the 'Titanic' was unsinkable. For there had been no lifeboat or lifebelt practice. Apparently, it was presumed that on a vessel that could not sink, such precautions were needless.

Mysterious in the extreme was the conduct of the Captain. In spite of a radio warning, he took his ship into a field of icebergs, and what is more, he took it into the danger area at her full speed of eighteen knots. It was in this region, known to sailors as "the graveyard of ships", that the 'Titanic' struck an iceberg. The shock of the collision, however, was so slight that most of the passengers failed to notice the impact. This again proved unfortunate, for, on being told to don their lifebelts they showed no haste to do so, being convinced that they were in no immediate danger. Yet, three hours after touching the 'berg, the 'Titanic' slid under the sea.

Thus the ship went down, on a night that was unusually calm, giving ample time for all the lifeboats to be fully loaded. In a storm, difficulty in launching lifeboats is often experienced, but the Atlantic was on its best behaviour and no trouble with the lifeboats was experienced. Yet the loss of life was far in excess of what it might have been.

Amongst notable personalities lost with the liner were W.T. Stead, Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette and founder of the Review of Reviews; the American millionaire, Harry Elkins Widener; Jacques Futrelle, the well-known novelist and journalist, and John Jacob Astor, builder of the famous Astoria Hotel in New York.

Lost with them, too, were the Captain, the First Officer and the Chief Engineer, all remaining at their posts until the end. As for the Chief Radio Officer, Phillips, he continued to send out distress signals even after the Captain had ordered him to abandon the wireless cabin.

The Second Radio Officer returned to the wireless cabin to find a brawny stoker attempting to cut off Phillip's lifebelt, presumably because the sailor had no lifebelt of his own. The Second Radio Officer, being at a disadvantage in height and weight had he grappled with the stoker, drew his revolver and shot him.

After jumping from the flooded decks, he managed to reach a raft and was later picked up by the 'Carpathia'. Many hours later Phillip's body was recovered from a raft, but he had died of exposure.

There is still another mystery which has never been satisfactorily explained. The distress signals of the 'Titanic' were picked up by the 'Carpathia', which was over seventy miles away. But they were not picked up by the 'California', which was but ten miles from the doomed vessel.

Viewed from every angle the conviction deepens that the 'Titanic' was doomed. Everything conspired to bring it to disaster. What is more, almost everything happened to make the loss of the ship a greater tragedy than it might have been. There were blunders and oversights,

needless risks, and there was bad luck from first to last.

But the conviction remains that the 'Titanic' would not have been lost had it not been thought of as unsinkable. From that erroneous belief the tragedy developed, and, of all the ironies attendant upon the ship, that is easily the greatest of all. Because it was 'Unsinkable' - it sank.

* * *

POWER

At long last he had achieved his aims, and the tight little smile flickering over his features barely revealed the triumph flooding his soul. The world had treated him badly, but now, at long last, his turn had come. Many were the thoughts of past injustices that flashed through his mind as he gazed down on the innumerable faces of the vast multitude beneath him. Here and there he could detect the anxious looks on the sea of upturned faces as they waited for his deliberations. Yes, waiting for him, who had this day achieved his ambition after years of hard struggle. His eyes glistened and a throaty chuckle escaped his lips as he decided the time was ripe, and taking up the microphone spoke: "The train for London leaves Platform 4 at 9.20. Hurry along please!"

H. MORRIS.

* * *

We would suggest that the Committee equip two members with .22 rifles so that they may take care of the woodpeckers who are endangering the security of the "Block Patients".

* * *

Those of our readers who can recall Miss Goodman, our previous Occupational Therapist, will no doubt not be surprised to know that in her new post in South Africa, she has the local inhabitants working so hard they are black in the face.

* * *

THE GRAMOPHONE

Most of us take the gramophone for granted. Ever since its invention by Edison it has been treated by most people as a mere toy. Today, however, it has at last come into its own; for, with the coming of long-playing records, all the great music ever written is being recorded in a way Edison never dreamed of, but again, perhaps he did foresee it all.

Prior to arriving in Glen O' Dee, I was able to compare the old and the new gramophone when a record-collecting pal of mine invited me up to his house to hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on long-playing disc. We were able to relax undisturbed for half an hour, while I marvelled at the beauty of this finely recorded music. My host used fibre needles and surface noise was virtually nil.

The highlight of that evening for me was the playing of an old museum piece; a little seven-inch disc recorded by the great tenor Tamango in 1901. As I listened to that old crackling disc, the voice of Tamango sounded great though ghostly. My thoughts went back to the time when only two singers kept the gramophone alive. To them we owe a great debt. They were Enrico Caruso and John McCormack, who made themselves immortal with their recordings of serious and folk songs, and the popular ballads of their day.

With the coming of electrical recording, in the middle of the 1920's, the old discs of the past took on a new significance; and today many of them can fetch a good price. The above record by Tamango, in good condition, will raise £20; but collectors very rarely sell their hard-sought treasures - they are willing to buy, but not to sell discs for which they have searched. You will find them browsing in old second-hand shops. In Glasgow, their favourite haunt is the well-known Barrows. It was in the Barrows, while I was doing a bit of searching myself, some five years ago, that I witnessed four fanatical record-collectors come to blows over a famous disc of the aria 'Il Mio Tesoro Intanto" (To my Beloved) recorded in 1910 by the late Count McCormack.

At that time, the McCormack disc was valued at £5. This recording was a favourite of the late George Bernard Shaw, who was fond of Mozart. Shaw had at one time been a music critic, and hated bad singing, particularly of Mozart's music, but for this McCormack disc he had naught but praise. Indeed, it has been classed as one of the finest recordings of the tenor voice ever made. Such is McCormack's wonderful voice control that one has the impression that he sings without pausing for breath.

I often smile when I think of those four fanatics fighting over John McCormack, as I bought the re-issue myself a few years later at a price of ten shillings. I don't think I got the same pleasure in possession as did the fellow who carried away the disc from the Barrows.

Record-collecting is not confined to serious music, of course. There are many collectors who search for early jazz recordingsby such musicians as Jelly Roll Morton and others of the New Orleans School. For them, as for me, record-collecting is an engrossing hobby.

H. BRYCE.

* * *

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY.

Tragedy of tragedies, that did not end in death:
The rustic air of Scotland was his romantic breath:
With the muses of the ages he oft held high converse
And left wisdom to posterity in his homely book o' verse.

Yet in his lifetime, as in ours, he was often purged and spurned
By people who make believe: passion in them never burned.
Yet for all his faults and follies he had a noble mind
That strove to right injustice and to unify mankind.

As sure as night, as sure as day, as sure as the world that turns,
All his detractors will pass away but not the name o' Burns;
Then who are we to criticise his waywardness and whims?
Despite heaps of condemnations his memory never dims.

If ever you discuss his life at all, do not hurt him hard:
For he was but an honest man, a most outspoken bard.
Then who will dare to throw the stone at this votary of the truth
When his grave can claim no victory o'er his eternal youth?

H. BRYCE.

* * *

RUM JUNGLE
by
Alan Moorehead.

I have been asked to tell you something about Australia, and I think the best way to do this, is to tell you about a book 'Rum Jungle' by Alan Moorehead, which is now in the library. Alan Moorehead is a journalist and writer, an Australian who left Australia as a young man in 1936 to live in England, France and Italy, but returned in 1950 to travel round the less well known parts of Australia, up through the centre to Darwin and down the East Coast, gathering material for this diverse and fascinating book.

The name itself should attract readers of "Glen Echo". However, I shall rapidly disillusion you, as the title is taken from the heading of one chapter only, and the area described is about 50 miles S.W. of Darwin, where uranium has recently been discovered and is now being mined and the ore sent to America for processing; this area promises to be one of the richest Uranium Fields in the world, and its potentialities, the origin of its name and its past history are discussed.

Amongst other things, Moorehead describes the Woomera Rocket Range which commences 300 miles N.W. of Adelaide and extends 1,200 miles across sandy desert to the N.W. coastline of Australia; the great overland journey of John McDowell Stuart, an Edinburgh man, who travelled across the continent from south to north, and finally in 1862, at his eighth

attempt, reached the sea in the region of Darwin and arrived back in Adelaide after more than a year's journey involving incredible discomfort and hardship; the White Ant Hills, which stretch in their millions from the Tropic of Capricorn to the Equator, increasing in size as one travels north, but always pointing in a north-south direction. The inhabitants of these ant hills can destroy a homestead within a few months and they still rank as one of the greatest pests of the North.

He tells us of the aboriginal artist Albert Namitjira; the problem of the Australian aborigine and half-caste, the treatment of whom in the past and even in the present is one of the less bright spots in our brief history. Much more, however, is now being done by the establishment of a native reserve in the Northern Territory for those full-bloods who wish to revert to their original way of life, and by the work of various missions, which educate and train both full-blood and half-caste, so that very gradually with the help of a more enlightened public opinion, they will be assimilated into our so called civilized living.

He describes the Great Barrier Reef, which stretches from the Tropic of Capricorn to the Equator, with its origin in the tiny coral polyp, and the multiplicity of life and colour with which it teems; Phillip Island with its native reserve for mutton birds, penguins, koala bears and the surrounding sea and rock for seals; flood, fire, drought and locust plague, which devastate vast areas of land from time to time, destroying the work of years; glimpses of life on a sheep station and the changes being wrought there by mechanization.

After reading this book, one can only reflect at the tremendous change which has been wrought over the past 150 years since the coming of the white man. From a vast empty continent inhabited by some 50,000 black men, living in the iron age, wearing no clothes, eating raw meat, and hedged around by a system of taboos and superstitions, to the present, which has involved the establishment of Uranium fields at Rum Jungle and the Woomera Rocket Range, with their vast potentialities for good or evil. As with all change and so called progress in past history, the minority - in this case the Aborigine - has suffered, their number having decreased to 12,000 with some 30,000 half-castes, and unless we do something soon, chiefly in the realms of education and preventive medicine, this decrease will go on and the race will soon be extinct.

I found this book really fascinating and can thoroughly recommend it.

Dr. J. ELDER.

* * *

QUIZ TIME.

Score two points for each correct answer. Rating at foot of page.
Answers on Page 25.

	Points.
1. Name the Prime Minister of Australia	2
2. What's the difference between the following - (a) Casablanca (b) Casabianca (c) Candide (d) Candida	4
3. Who played Captain Scott in the Film "Scott of the Antarctic"?	2
4. Name the actress who starred with Robert Mitchum in "River of No Return"?	2
5. Who wrote "Of Human Bondage"?	2
6. Who wrote the poem in "The Poet Song"?	2
7. Which country won the World Association Football Cup in 1954?	2
8. Which country won the Swimming Championship?	2
9. What sport is the Isle of Man known for?	2
10. What would one be referring to when speaking of - 1. (a) Elizabethan (b) Viscount (c) Constellation 2. (a) Tay (b) Menai (c) Forth	4

Rating: 24 Points Excellent
20-23 Points Very Good
17-19 Points So-so
12-16 Points Grim
Under 12 - Brother ----- there's no hope for you

* * *

F.P. PAGE

From the outside world comes news of the following ex-patients -

CLYDEBANK

GERALD C. TIDBALL — In his day known as the Charlie Chester of the Glen, is still cracking his 'corn'. Charlie has recently returned from a holiday in Devonshire and is planning to start work soon. He sends his regards to all the lads, Doctors and Staff.

GLASGOW

R. MORRISON — This lad left the Glen two and a half years ago and has now been working for over two years as a watch and clock repairer. As proof of his fitness he was married a few months ago and everything is going extremely well. (Congratulations Bob!) Sometimes, however, he wishes he was a 2A patient again to get breakfast in bed.

GLASGOW

HUGH McCORMICK — After spending four months in a leisurely fashion, Hugh resumed his occupation as a clerk, following his departure from Glen o' Dee in 1952. Hugh has passed the Preliminary Examination of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors. Since then he has started training as a Quantity Surveyor, and he finds the job extremely interesting. He is enjoying the very best of health and sends his good wishes to everyone at the Glen.

GLASGOW

T. C. WILSON — Tom has been working steadily since he left the Glen almost six months ago. He is in good health and sends his best wishes to all at the Glen. In his letter Tom offered to write a short story for us but it has "failed" to appear. (What happened Tom?...)

FALKIRK

JOHN L. DICK — John was discharged on St. Valentine's Day 1953, and commenced work as a clerk with the T.A. Association two months later. He tells us he follows the Falkirk Team to their away games and

can shout as loud as the next one. Regards to all at the Glen.

EDINBURGH

GILBERT WHALE

Following his departure from the Glen in 1953, Gilbert took a job in the city. He is a warehouseman (9 a.m. to 6 p.m) and he findsgreat satisfaction in his work. He sends his regards to all the staff and patients.

INVERNESS

JOHN BEATON

John started work last year with H.M. Inspector of Taxes, Inverness. He has settled down well, and says that he is contented and happy in his new job. He sends his best wishes to all patients, Doctors, Nursing staff, Domestic staff, gardeners, buggie drivers, etc.

BOURNEMOUTH

FRED SLACK

Lucky Fred to live and work in a coast resort, the work being in an Estate Agency. Dr. Tattersall who is chief in the Chest Clinic down there is very interested in Fred's case and has given very satisfactory reports on his past X-Rays. To those who knew Fred comes the news that he has given up writing poetry as he is rather busy at other pursuits. His very fond wishes to all at the Glen and Tor-na-Dee.

ABERDEEN

MICHAEL ALLEN

Mike spent six months in the Glen, being discharged after surgery in 1952. Three months later he was working eight hours a day and since then has only lost ten days due to a sore throat. He is a Storeman at the M.O.F. Experimental Factory in Aberdeen which supplies, among other things, dehydrated foods to the various expeditions one hears about. He sends his regards to all.

* * *

QUIZ TIME

ANSWERS

1. Sir Robert Menzies.

2. (a) Town in Morocco.
   (b) The name of the boy who stood on the burning deck.
   (c) Name of a novel by Voltaire.
   (d) Name of a play by G.B. Shaw.

3. John Mills.

4. Marilyn Monroe.

5. W. Somerset Maugham.

6. Tennyson.

7. Germany.

8. Hungary

9. T.T. Motor Cycling.

10. 1. (a, b, c.) British Civil Aircraft.
    2. (a, b, c.) Famous British Bridges.

* * *

Our Dr. Elder is truly Australian, as she shows us repeatedly when she demonstrates the principle of the boomerang. Every time she goes to Tor-na-Dee, she comes right back.

* * *

If you have noticed any errors in this magazine, please remember that they were put there for a purpose ..... some people are always looking for mistakes, and we like to satisfy every one.

Editor.

* * *